

The Icelandic Canadian

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....STEFAN HANSEN
LITERARY EDITOR.....HELEN SIGURDSON
CIRCULATION.....HJALMUR F. DANIELSON
BUSINESS MANAGER.....GRACE REYKDAL
EDITORIAL ADVISER.....JUDGE W. J. LINDAL
Address all communication to the Editor, 407 Devon Court, Winnipeg, Man.

Vol. 1

Winnipeg, Man., December, 1942

No. 2

Christmas 1942

By L. G. S.

*Let the heart speak, the hand outstretched
Establish kinship in the troubled earth.
The homeless, hunger-riven—these are they
He claimed as brethren by His humble birth.
The Star of Peace it shall not rise again
Until triumphant in the hearts of men.*

Those of us who think of Christmas in terms of the Nativity have much to enhearten us this year. The cause of human freedom is less precarious than it was a year ago. The ancient dream of justice has not died; nor the flame of liberty gone out in darkness. Victory is not yet ours but the hope of victory is now a living invincible conviction.

We have reason for the faith that is in us. The United Nations are a unique brotherhood tried in the furnace of affliction and tempered to dauntless resolution by the blood of its martyrs.

Out of unspeakable suffering and terror the brotherhood of man emerges as an army indivisible; a fraternity of freemen consecrated to the rebirth of justice and liberty. The issues before us are clear-cut and inescapable; there are no half-lights, no halfway measures in this global conflict. For the first time in history the struggles between good and evil approaches a day of judgment in which all mankind awaits the verdict of the future. The world of tomorrow trembles in the balance but the issue is clear; whatever we call ourselves the test of our integrity is this: do we, or do we not believe in the rights of the common man?

It is as simple as this; as simple as sunlight and darkness. Irrespective of color, creed or race, mankind is marshalled for mortal combat; each man according to his kind: the good man sworn to the future and the progress of humanity; the evil man sworn to the past and the destruction of human liberty.

LIBRARY
BOREAL INSTITUTE

Such a titanic cleavage has something cosmic in its urgency ; a prophetic portent of the Divine Will shaping a new and better world. It is as though the Soul of the Universe had sickened of indecision and hypocrisy and the secret betrayals of truth and sent the whirlwind and the fire to cleanse the world of their pestilence. It is a thought which might inspire our Christmas festivities with enheartened faith. For who shall doubt but that the earth must one day be worthy of its saints and that the sacrifice of the heroic dead shall at long last be fitly immortalized in a just and lasting peace.

*Light now your altar fires
Your tapers and your tree;
God give you Merry Christmas,
And that you think of me.*

*The homeless and the hungry,
The heartsick and the sore;
The gallant young defenders
That keep the faith of yore.*

*Your joy will surely deepen
In that you think of me—
The nameless men and women
That died to make you free.*

*The nameless host of heroes
From times remote and near,
We are the life you cherish,
We bought it dread and dear.*

*So light your altar fires,
And lift the light to me
Incarnate Hope in mankind,
That made and keeps you free.*

The Icelandic Canadian

**Published Quarterly by the Icelandic Canadian Club.
Subscription \$1.00 per year.**

For subscriptions send to:

Mr. M. Peterson, 313 Horace St., Norwood, Man.
Bjornsson's Book Store, 702 Sargent Ave., Winnipeg.
Mr. H. F. Danielson, 869 Garfield St., Winnipeg.

The Air-Conditioned College OF HIGHER STANDARDS



- (1) University graduate teachers of experience are in the majority on the "Success" faculty.
- (2) The "Success" maintains a minimum educational admittance standard, admitting to its Day Classes only students of Grade XI (supplements allowed), Grade XII, or University standing.
- (3) The "Success" is the only air-conditioned College in Winnipeg. All our classrooms are air-conditioned and air-cooled.
- (4) Our Mail Course Department provides excellent facilities for home study of Shorthand, Typewriting, Accounting, and other business subjects.



**Write, call, or telephone 25 843 for a free copy of our
40-page illustrated Prospectus.**



SUCCESS BUSINESS COLLEGE

PORTAGE AVE. AT EDMONTON ST., WINNIPEG

It Has Not Been In Vain

By JUDGE W. J. LINDAL

At this time of the year when our minds go back to the greatest sacrifice of all times it is perhaps not out of the way if we pause for a moment and reflect upon the sacrifices that are being made in this the twentieth century since that time.

In the epistle of Paul to the Romans we find these words:

"But we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience."

The translation from the Greek does not convey the true meaning. The essence of Paul's message is rather this: We glory in suffering which is purposeful; it produceth a steadfast mind.

The suffering and the sacrifice nineteen centuries ago was purposeful. And He knew its purpose. In Him on the cross there was a calm which has no parallel.

We like to think that the suffering and the sacrifice in this Armageddon is purposeful. Evil has come out in the open; Good has challenged it. Is it part of a larger Plan? Something within us tells us that it is. That will give us a steadfastness and a calm of mind which, no matter what the cost, will ultimately lead to victory and along the path on earth which has been planned for man.

It may therefor not be untimely to publish an address delivered on Nov. 11, last, under the auspices of The Jon Sigurdson Chapter of the I.O.D.E. My remarks were titled: "It has not been in vain." With the clearer understanding of the words of Paul the thoughts I tried to express might more fittingly be called: Tribulation worketh patience. The present, as other tribulations, will, we feel, bring a fulfilment.

A Tribute to the Fallen

In this memorial service I am asked to give audible expression to your tribute to the Fallen. A tribute of words to their brave deeds is but of the moment and brings us little solace. The truly abiding tribute to our fallen heroes is to be found in the answer to the question: Did they die in vain?

I am going to try to answer that question. In doing so I am not going to enumerate victories, defeats, near-defeats and then victories, but rather endeavour to interpret the meaning behind their sacrifice, the fundamental

truths that have come to light through the very darkness they dispersed. If the world struggles in which they served so freely and died so bravely have a definite, a vital place in human progress and through those struggles mankind will have come nearer the goal on earth which it is destined to reach then it can be truly said that they did not die in vain. Then our heart-felt gratitude becomes our highest tribute.

Tonight our minds go back a short quarter of a century—to the last war. We think of the terrible sacrifice of

human blood. We think of Our Fallen. Over sixty-six thousand Canadians did not return. Some of them are of your kith and kin, and of mine. It was a victory. But was it?

Our thoughts are not limited to the last war—the first act in one global drama. We think of the first three years of the present war. This time a more powerful and brutal enemy. Millions of lives have already been sacrificed. We think of our Canadian heroes who have given their all—in the air and on the sea. We think of Dieppe. It was only a raid; a few miles of the coast of France were invaded, the deepest penetration was three and a half miles. Five thousand Canadians crossed the Channel; over sixty per cent were casualties. Was it worth while?

We rejoice in the present brilliant victories of the British and American forces in North Africa. But we harken to Winston Churchill when he says that it is not the beginning of the end, but the end of the beginning. We feel that we are at long last beginning to touch bottom. But the Nazis must be crushed in Germany and the Japanese in Japan. Dieppe tells us the appalling sacrifices which have yet to be made.

Is it all in vain?

We discard the purely personal desire in each of us for self-preservation. Their sacrifice must be for something higher than that. We even momentarily lay aside our love of country, our determination to defend Canada to the last drop of our blood. They died for mother country, yet for something loftier still. What, we ask, will emerge out of this world conflict which is of the very fiber of our civilization. The history of man on earth shows that the great movements for the uplifting and betterment of mankind have been brought about by sacrifice—the pouring out of human blood. Is this such a movement? Is it second only to what happened nineteen centuries ago?

Three lessons have been learned.

Each is of the essence of the principles which must rule collective human conduct if there is to be permanent peace.

We Know Our Enemies

Our enemies have come out in the open. The German mind is the same as that of the Japanese. There was the time when people thought they had very little in common; one was Occidental, the other Oriental. We didn't believe *Mein Kampf*; we paid no attention to the vauntings of Japanese leaders. But now it is all crystal clear. We know the aims of our enemies—the enemies of civilization. We know their methods. Above all we know what awaits the people whom they bring under their evil yoke. Audrey Alexandra Brown puts it very clearly and concisely where she says that their profession is: "Evil, be thou my good."

Only through this war have we learned what a monstrosity can be made of the human mind. By a planned and a vicious propaganda it became, in the mass, more savage and brutal than anything previously known in the annals of history. Organized evil, with the accumulated knowledge and experience of man at its command, can create and did create forces of destruction which, if not halted, would soon have destroyed our civilization and ourselves. We have learned that **Evil must be curbed and never allowed to break loose again.**

It does seem a tragedy that the peoples of a Poland, a Czecho-Slovakia and many another land had to be sacrificed before this fundamental truth could be driven home to mankind. But now we know and we will not forget.

The sacrifice has not been in vain.

This Is One World

We have learned that this is one world. It may appear silly to be stating such an obvious fact. But it isn't. We used to think that there were many worlds on this planet — some people

thought there was one here in North America. But not so now.

In speaking of the world as being one, I have not in mind that through the discoveries of science and inventions in the field of mechanics oceans can be spanned in a few hours and messages transmitted around the world in the twinkling of an eye. It is not the physical world, which thus has become exceeding small, but the world of human values, which I have in mind. The war has taught us in a way we did not know before that good in one part of the world is correlated to good in every other part; that evil in one part is an encouragement to evil elsewhere. Let me put it in a slightly different way. Let us put together all that which we value: freedom, justice, fair play, democracy in its different aspects; also spiritual values, kindness, love, Christianity in all its interpretations, the worship of a Supreme Being in any form. Let us call the sum total the citadel of civilization.

There is only one citadel of civilization. If that citadel is attacked in one place it becomes vulnerable elsewhere. If the first attack is successful there will be further attacks and unless checked they will continue until the whole structure collapses and crumbles to dust.

This is not mere theorizing; it is based upon the actual facts.

On Sept. 18, 1931, a bomb exploded on the Manchurian Railway near a town called Mukden. It was put there by the Japanese. To quell the resulting disorder Japanese troops, conveniently placed a short distance away, rushed to the scene. This was the beginning of the conquest of Manchuria—an innocent people lost their freedom and became slaves. The first attack upon the citadel of civilization had been made and it succeeded.

It was followed by a series of others. In 1932 Shanghai was attacked; in 1935 Italy conquered Abyssinia; in 1936 Germany fortified the Rhineland and open-

ly re-armed; in 1937 the invasion of China; March 1938, Hitler marched into Austria, in September the Sudetenland ceded to Germany. And then 1939—the fateful year. In March Czechoslovakia seized, in April Albania overrun by Mussolini, in September Poland invaded; and then the world war.

A series of successful attacks upon the citadel of civilization. If Britain and France and their allies had not halted the aggressors the attacks would by now not be in Europe but right here in North America, on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts.

The Western world was but little disturbed when Manchuria was invaded. Why should it be concerned about readjustments in the Far East of territories inhabited by people of a different color and a different way of life? But now we know better. After this war, if the freedom of a people, even in a remote island in the vast expanse of the ocean, is endangered, the free world will rise in its protection. **There must never be another successful attack upon the citadel of civilization.**

The oneness of Good, of the things we value, and on the other hand the oneness of Evil and the things we abhor, has certain inevitable consequences. Many could be mentioned, as for instance the disappearance of isolationism in North America. It may even be said that there is no East or West any longer. But they all follow as mere corollaries to one fundamental truth: **We have become our brothers' keepers.**

When the Lord rebuked Cain and asked: "Where is Abel thy brother?" the reply came promptly back: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Only now are we learning that we are our brothers' keepers and they ours. And our brothers are all men of every color, race and creed who have helped to build the citadel of civilization and want to preserve it. Sir Norman Angell has enunciated a basic rule of human conduct which free man must follow:

"If we will not defend the freedom, the vital rights of others, then inevitably we reach a situation in which it becomes impossible to defend ourselves."

A few years ago such a statement would have been met with derision.

The Russians and the Chinese are primarily fighting for their own lives and in defence of their own countries. But they are also fighting in defence of all the United Nations. The same is true of Britain and the United States. Our own soldiers are fighting for us but they are also fighting for the people of other countries. They are fighting for the neutrals—Turkey, Sweden, Iceland and others. **The United Nations' soldier is fighting for free man wherever he may be.** He also is fighting for all who would be free no matter whose chains may bind them.

Yes, we are the guardians of whatever our brothers have of abiding value. It has cost millions of lives to learn this. Has the suffering and the sacrifice been purposeful? We think so. That makes us steadfast.

The Aftermath of the Last War

The third lesson emerged out of the last war—but not until the present war began. In the first act of the one drama some of the forces of evil were on our side. Japan was with the Allies, anxiously waiting for the kill. But those of the powers of evil who at that time were against us suffered crushing defeat. Yet we may ask: Did the world learn anything through the war?

Not through the war itself but the treaty that followed and the aftermath of the war.

The Treaty of Versailles has often been assailed and at times unjustly. Clarence A. Berdahl in "International Conciliation," refers to the "grave over-emphasis on the so-called iniquities" of the treaty. But it is fair to say that in the Treaty of Versailles one does not find all the essentials which must go

into the foundation upon which permanent peace can be built.

But the great lesson learned from the last war is in the aftermath. The United States withdrew into a North American shell. The other Allied Nations set about to repair their own fences, which undoubtedly needed repairs. But, with the exception of a few individuals who were as a lone voice in the wilderness, no one looked realistically upon the international scene. It was the aloofness of the Allied Nations, their selfishness, their unwillingness to make real sacrifices which, though indirectly, yet so materially helped to make possible the rise of the tyrant nations.

The world knows now that the Allied Nations won the last war, but lost the peace. We did not realize this until in September, 1939. By now the lesson of the last war and its aftermath has become so deeply embedded in the very soul of the free world that it will never be forgotten.

Prior to this war, people, even in responsible positions of state, did not talk about "winning the peace." Those words are now on everybody's lips. **We must win the war and we must win the peace.** And after the war there must be constant vigilance, not indifference, peace, but not pacifism.

We have confidence in the leaders of the United Nations and in the power of public opinion behind them. The historian of the future, interpreting the peace and the vigilance following this war in the light of the mistakes of the last, will, we believe, reach the conclusion that the price paid, though appalling, was worth while.

It Has Not Been In Vain

No, the sacrifices of the past have not been in vain. And more sacrifices will have to be made before the forces of evil are overthrown.

Our brave young men and women, in ever increasing numbers, are willingly marching on to the posts of highest duty. With pride we watch them

go. We are elated when we hear of their heroic deeds. Anxiously we follow them; we scan the casualty lists. Every once in a while one of you will be receiving that dreaded cable. You open it. With a stoic calm you read it. It tells you what you feared. Tears and sorrow: yes. But not regret that he went. Gratitude. He died that you and I might live—live and be free.

Those at home do their share. The morale is excellent. The mothers, wives and sweethearts show a bravery equalled only by the soldiers themselves. The men, at their posts of duty, accept the added burdens placed upon them. No matter how onerous, they are gladly accepted.

We all know what is at stake, and we want to be in it. We are glad that we were privileged to be living in this age and playing though but a tiny part in this heroic struggle for the liberation of mankind. May I quote from the inspiring poem written by Sir Owen Seaman during the last war—written for that gallant hero, King Albert of Belgium. It is called "Between Midnight and Morning."

"Rejoice . . . that God has given
you . . .
To live in these great times and
have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;
That you may tell your sons who
see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage
to take—
'I saw the powers of Darkness put
to flight,
I saw the Morning break'."

You and I are seeing the powers of Darkness put to flight. You and I are seeing the Morning break. We see the Morning break far off upon the mountain top. There, in the twilight of the Darkness and the Light, we see them, our Fallen Heroes—of the last war and of this. In the haze of the distance it is as if we see them rising up—rising

up from the battle fields of Flanders, yes, from the more recent icy ocean graves, and the burning desert sands. There, in the distance, where the Morning is breaking, they beckon to us—to travel up the arduous path of service and of sacrifice. We come. We press on, over torrents and bogs, from crag to crag, up the ever steepening mountain slope of duty. If, in our difficulties and dangers, we halt or we falter, we can hear a warning cry—from them—a warning cry immortalized by our immortal Canadian hero, John McCrae, who cried to us who still are here:

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it
high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though
poppies grow
In Flanders fields."



DR. M. B. HALLDÓRSON,

who has been a practicing physician in Winnipeg for the last 25 years, has left to reside in the United States, where 73 years young, he will resume practice.

Prize Story Winner

The Icelandic Canadian Club is happy to announce that the winner of the short story contest is MISS NEHUSHTA COLLINS with her sensitive romance, SAY GOODBYE FOR ME. This story was chosen because of its literary flavor and uniform style. For it is the hope of the club to encourage fiction which falls into the category of true letters.

The first honorable mention goes to a young man who does not wish to reveal his identity. His story, Child of Fear, will be published in the next issue. Second honorable mention goes to Miss Caroline Gunnarson for her very commendable story, The Stones Talk.

There were many interesting entries, and on the whole the contest was enheartening. We expect and sincerely hope to hear from these contestants again. Also there were some stories which reached us too late for this present contest and these we shall hold over for the next award. The Canadian Club takes this opportunity to thank all the contributors and to wish them success in the future.

We wish also to thank all the men and women who have worked so faithfully to put the magazine on its feet. All this work is entirely voluntary; no one connected with the magazine receives any remuneration for the work involved.—L.G.S.

A SALUTE

A worthy project well carried out is always deserving of praise. The members of the Icelandic Canadian Club have grasped a great truth—that the best claim to merit comes from building for the future welfare of mankind. Their Icelandic background is a proud one of ancestral achievement, but it brings them credit only as they prove worthy of it in their own generation. Like the soldier's uniform, it confers no lasting honour unless honorably worn. All this has led to the noble resolve to strive, by toil and sacrifice, for a better Canada in the years to come. THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN is the mouthpiece of that loyal gospel. Whether in peace or in war, our problems are almost infinite: in illuminating the mind, in purifying the passions, in subordinating self to the common good, in building the Kingdom of God among men. Here is a challenge for the brave heart and the consecrated intelligence. I salute the Icelandic Canadian Club, and wish it well in its pursuit of a shining ideal.

—Watson Kirkconnell.

PRIZE STORY

"Say Goodbye For Me"

By NEHUSHTA COLLINS

The stars still shine over Iceland. It is true that the black harbor waters do not always reflect back the golden lights of Reyjavik, but so far there has been no attempt made to black out the moon. So the moon still smiles down in silver splendor on the people who live their lives in the mountains and the valleys.

But the days are strange in Iceland. Rumors of war spread from the city dwellers to the farmers in the hill valleys, to the fishermen in the winding fjords, and the shepherds who tend their sheep on the flowering mountainsides. The shadow of martial wings hovers over all. War has touched the land with a changeling hand, bringing fear and resentment, anger and silent resignation.

Small places, sacred to the Hulda Folk, have been desecrated and disturbed. Big guns crouch in the grass and among the rocks like vicious, chained dogs, ready to spring to the end of their tether with a rumbling roar if strangers approach.

At first the cattle and horses on the hill farms, and the peaceful mountain sheep used to scatter and race in panic when the huge war-birds swooped low over them; deafening them with a roar like that of the Gods when they are angry. Now they no longer lift their heads from their grazing. Even the animals have come to accept those things that must be.

They tell a tale in Iceland. It is whispered among the women as they grumble over their scant coffee cups. It is spoken among the men as they sip their vanishing Spanish wine. It is the story of a woman who was, and is no more. One who died that another might live. It is the story of the woman who is, because of the one who

was, and of the man who loved them both. It is strange, this tale. But then, all things are strange in Iceland now.

Helga was Gunnar's wife. She was beautiful in a grave, quiet way, and she was a good wife. Five years they had been married; five contented, quiet years. That was before war came to brood over the land. Helga sang at her cooking and bent her fair head over intricate embroidery for her company table. Her strong hands churned butter and carried water for her household needs. She cheerfully scrubbed the heavy clothes that Gunnar wore on his little fishing boat. She scrubbed the floors until the wood was white. She was happy, looking after Gunnar's house. Yes, she was a good wife. Gunnar was happy too. One day slid into another day so quietly that their passing was hardly noticed.

When the winter came, and the snows, their small house was snug and warm. As the holiday drew near, Helga polished and baked, pausing to smile happily at Gunnar, where he sat in his chair by the fire. On Christmas Eve they rejoiced with their neighbors. The lights shone out in the darkness and the winds died down to listen once again as people sang the old, old words of Holy Night. Dishes were set on the table for the Little People, and sacred candles were lit for their night long vigil. When the midnight bells rang, Helga and Gunnar went to Mass. So the pleasant years passed, flowing one into the other, as quietly as the days.

The skies over Europe grew troubled and men hinted at war. But it was far away, and life went on as usual. Clouds gathered in the troubled skies, gathered and grew dark with menace. Still life consisted of little things. Then the heavens erupted and war came. Whole

nations went to bed as free peoples and woke up as slaves. The beast of prey gorged on innocent blood and grew stronger; struck, and fed, and struck again. Its shadow reached out and darkened the whole world. Ancient traditions perished, and ancient prides were ground into the dust. Cities were laid waste. Old men and women and little children died, senselessly, horribly. Refugees crowded the country roads and crumbled under machine gun hail. The world knew total war.

Gunnar's cousin, Olaf, in distant Canada, joined the air force and went overseas. News came that he had gone to his death like a modern Viking, in a flaming plane.

Time passed, Gunnar listened and grew restless. Always in time of war, the young grow restless. Helga watched and said little. She talked of small things while a nameless fear hung heavy in her breast. "Not Gunnar," she prayed. "Please God, not Gunnar!"

The Marines came to Iceland, and their enemies too. Treacherous, man-made fish lurked in the waters. Crippled ships limped into harbor, and bits of strange wreckage drifted up on the beaches. Pitiful remnants of ships and people. That was how Gretchen came into the lives of Helga and Gunnar, on the morning after a great storm.

Gunnar found her when he went down to his boat through the grey mists of dawn. Only the sea knows why she still lived. Only the sea itself knows why it scorned the crude craft on which she was lying and tossed it up on to the shore.

She was unconscious when Gunnar found her. Her long golden hair was rimmed with salt, and the ends flowed free from the braids. White salt streaks were stiff in her full dark skirt, and her feet were blue and bare. She was only a little thing, but she lay like a dead weight in Gunnar's arms as he carried her up the path to the cottage.

Helga put her to bed and cared for her. Gunnar did not leave the house

that day. The sun was red in the western windows before she stirred. She awakened later to quiet moonlight lying like a silver arm across the window sill. Her blue eyes were clouded with remembered suffering, dark with unforgotten fear and dread. She spoke, but the words were alien. Some of the shadows left her eyes as she glanced around at the quiet room; at the snowy curtains, the singing kettle, the pictures on the wall, and the friendly faces of the man and woman. She smiled faintly and slept.

For days she rested, gathering strength, relaxing in the peace that was around her. Day by day she grew more beautiful, with a delicate pink and white loveliness. The two women talked sometimes, each asking questions in their own language, and then laughing merrily at their inability to understand each other.

The day Gretchen got up for the first time was one of pleasure to all of them. Later, she spent long hours in the blessed, healing sunshine. She was standing there one day, where the path wound down over the cliff, when she saw her first plane. Instinctively, she threw herself flat on the grass, shaking, remembering. Gunnar found her there when he came up from the sea. He helped her gently to her feet and put his arms about her and held her close to still her trembling. The fragrance of her shining head was pressed against his breast. She drew away after a moment and laughed shakily up at him, then they walked slowly to the house.

In the mornings, the women worked at the daily tasks that women do, and gradually their words came to have meaning to each other. They became friends, Helga, and the girl from shattered Holland. Bit by bit her story was told. A common story now, but none the less tragic because of that. A bombed village, a broken home, father and brothers gone in a hopeless effort

to resist, and finally, escape by ship. They were only four then—herself, her mother, and two little sisters. Stunned, desperate, hardly able to believe that they were free and on their way to safety. Then, the torpedo in the night. The scramble for lifeboats and rafts. Endless hours of black drifting, the storm, and at last, merciful unconsciousness.

Such things should never be. They stamp themselves indelibly upon the mind. They are always there, ready to spring into being at a stray word or thought. But temporarily, sometimes, they can be forgotten.

Gretchen learned to forget, and to think of other things. More and more often as days went by, she would stand at the window and look out over the sea. The sea where Gunnar spent his daylight hours. Her eyes would light up with a shy smile when he came in the doorway at night, and Gunnar would smile back at her.

Many times in the evening, Helga would notice Gunnar watching Gretchen's bright head in the lamplight, and pain would come like an aching throb to her heart. As the days passed and her time drew near, she grew heavier. Even the joy of planning for her first-born child could not dim the fear inside her. Gretchen blossomed into greater loveliness, and the contrast between her and Helga became more marked. Willingly she did more of the work and insisted that Helga rest. To hear the two talking, one would have thought that Gretchen was to be the mother, so eager she was; so proud and happy about it. But Helga saw the light in their eyes when they smiled at each other as Gunnar came in, and she knew that, man-like, Gunnar did not realize where his thoughts were leading him. She knew that Gretchen too was unconscious of what was happening. But her wisdom told her that it would take only a small thing to open their eyes to the truth. The knowledge hung over her like a sword on a slender

thread, and she waited and dreaded the revelation.

When a man has been married to a woman for years, and life has settled into a contented routine, he takes his love for her for granted, as he takes her love for him. Gunnar was happy. He too was looking forward to the birth of the child. He hoped it would be a son, but it didn't really matter. They had wanted a baby for a long time, and now that it was a certainty, it didn't seem of great importance whether it was a girl or a boy. The important thing was that they were to have a child. So Gunnar dreamed too, as the weeks grew out of the days.

There came a morning when the sun rose out of the sea like red sails on the horizon. Gunnar smiled reassuringly into the sea-wise, anxious eyes of the two women, and went down to his boat, promising to return early.

Helga rested while Gretchen whisked about the small house, sweeping the floors, shaking pillows, dusting and cooking. She was thoughtful, answering Gretchen's bright chatter absently. Gretchen kept glancing at her, and chattering on, determined to keep Helga's mind occupied with cheerful things. But after awhile her own fears grew so strong, she too lapsed into worried silence. She had been looking out of the windows more and more frequently as the morning passed. She had watched the sea grow uneasy, and scurry aimlessly back and forth. The breeze had freshened and teased the waves until they gathered themselves together and reached up in futile white-capped anger. The skies frowned darkly as rolling clouds swept up to hide the sun. The world turned gray and there was evening in the afternoon. The heavens wept to see the day die so young. Wind-blown rain struck at the house savagely. Still Gunnar had not returned.

Gretchen lit the lamp and the two women looked at each other, white-faced. Their glances met, held, and

shifted. Gretchen turned again to the window, looking out at the veiled sea. "Gunnar, Gunnar," she pleaded silently. "Please come home. Dear God, keep him safe out there. Bring him back to me."

Somewhere deep down inside her, she heard a mocking laugh. "Bring him back to YOU?", a jeering voice asked. "Why to you? This man you are praying for is Helga's husband; not yours. And Helga is your friend. Why do you pray that he come back to you?" Gretchen's bewildered mind answered falteringly, "Why . . . because he is my friend. Because I like him." "Because you like him!" the voice mocked. "Be honest with yourself, Gretchen. You mean, because you—" "No! Don't say it! I won't listen to you! It isn't true!" Gretchen put trembling hands over her ears while her eyes grew wide with sudden comprehension. But the jeering voice went on relentlessly. "Be honest, Gretchen. You love Gunnar, Helga's husband! You have loved him for weeks."

Gretchen's mind raced back over the weeks just passed. She thought of Gunnar's home-coming smile, his deep, kind voice, his gentleness. She remembered the warmth that came like sunshine to her heart when she saw him come in at night. How blind she had been, how stupid, not to have realized sooner! But what of Helga? Had she noticed, Gretchen wondered.

She whirled to find Helga watching her with dark pain in her eyes. Helga looked at the white face of her friend; looked and knew that the slender thread had broken, the sword had fallen. With a muffled sob she reached blindly for an old coat of Gunnar's that was hanging by the door, clutched it around her shoulders and fled into the storm.

Gretchen stared at the swinging door and the rain that ventured in to collect in pools on the wooden floor. Some remote part of her mind insisted warningly, "Helga shouldn't be out in this. Go after her. Hurry! She may come to

harm." Gretchen came to with a start and raced outside. She saw Helga, a dim shadow in the rain, at the top of the cliff, where the path wound down to the shore. "Helga! Helga! Come back!" The wind tore the words from her lips and flung them back in her face. The figure ahead hurried out of sight over the rim. Gretchen ran with fear choking the sobs in her throat. She did not see Helga when she started down the narrow, treacherous path, but she heard her scream.

She found her around the first curve where she had slipped in her haste and heaviness on the rain-wet, greasy way. Slipped and fallen over the edge of the steep path and down among the crowding black boulders below. She was moaning faintly when Gretchen scrambled down to where she lay. The rain and the wind struck cruelly at the tortured face. Gretchen knelt down beside her, tears lost in the rain on her cheeks. Helga looked up at her and smiled mistily. "It's all right, Gretchen. Don't cry. I'm not hurt. At least," and she shifted her body slightly, "I don't think I am." Gretchen gripped Helga's arm and helped her to her feet, steadying her when she swayed. Helga straightened up cautiously. She took a slow step and a gasp of pain came from her tight lips. She moved again, moaned, and slid to the ground. Her eyes were closed and her breath was coming quickly, unevenly. The blue veins in her white temples throbbed in time with her pounding heart.

Gretchen stared around wildly. She must get Helga in out of the storm! It had to be done, somehow. She bent over the unconscious woman and tried in vain to lift her, but she was far too heavy for Gretchen's slender strength. In desperation she dragged the still form up on to the path and toward the house, resolutely closing her ears to the pitiful moans that came from the twisted lips.

After what seemed hours of effort, spent and exhausted, with aching

muscles and shaking limbs, she reached the house with her helpless burden. With a final, heart-breaking effort she pulled Helga inside and shut out the rain. The bed was out of the question. She spread a blanket on the floor, stripped the wet clothing from the limp figure and piled feather ticks around and over her. There was agony in the still white face, and the shallow, labored breathing frightened Gretchen.

Helga should have a doctor at once, but, Dear God, how could she get one? Oh, if only Gunnar were here! Somebody, anybody, to go for help. There was Dr. Bjornsson across the fjord, a scant quarter of a mile by water. Six miles by foot, the long way around. And the only boat on the beach, a tiny rowboat!

Gretchen gazed out unseeingly. Helga, her friend, the one who had nursed her and given her back her life. Helga, the wife of Gunnar, whom she herself loved. Helga, who was soon to be the mother of his child, dying perhaps while she stood idly by and did nothing. A low anguished moan sounded in the stillness; lingered in the room. Gretchen moved swiftly and put on a heavy jacket. She leaned over and gently touched Helga's forehead, burning hot now under her cool fingers. Then she went out and down the path to the sea.

Lights twinkled from across the fjord, but the houses themselves were lost in the mist. The little boat lay high on the beach. She turned it over and pushed it down to the water's edge. Her manner was sure and steady. There was no hesitation in her actions. She waded out a little way, pushing the boat ahead of her. When it was afloat, she climbed in, seated herself and picked up the oars.

Three times the sea rejected her small craft, gathering it up contemptuously and throwing it back to the land. Gretchen tried again, and this time the waves picked the boat up and closed themselves around it till it creaked and trembled with the strain. Gretchen

was amazed at the strength and fury of the sea and the wind. She bent low over the oars while the salt spray drenched and blinded her. She was in a small, shifting world; a world of gray-green waters that tumbled her backward and forward, bearing her up to their roaming heights and crashing her down to their angry depths. Her mind and her body grew numb. She felt nothing and heard nothing but a long continuous roar of thunder in her ears. She rowed like a mechanical doll that had not yet reached the end of its winding.

It was the wind that carried her forward now, the sea wind of the open fjord. Dully she realized that she did not know just where she was going. Realized too that there was little she could do about it. If she landed anywhere close to Dr. Bjornsson's it wouldn't matter. If she landed! The possibility that she might not land had not occurred to her before. But she must! She had to get the doctor for Helga!

Water sloshed back and forth in the bottom of the boat. It tilted perilously and then levelled out again, hitting the sea with a loud crash. Walls of water towered above her on all sides. The boat rose out of the trough and Gretchen caught a glimpse of the house-lights, much nearer now. She was rapidly drifting out to sea, but she knew that the boat was being blown in to the shore too, and that it would probably strike the beach of the fjord. The sea swung her up and down, ever closer to the land.

Suddenly the waves in front of her divided. A foam swept black rock rushed to meet her. Frantically she pulled at the oars and tried to avoid it, but the sea held her tight, directly in its path. Fascinated, she watched it loom larger and larger. Then there was a splintering crash, and the black rock grew and spread until it covered the whole world.

Sigurd and Lars Petersson saw it

happen. They had come down to the beach before darkness fell to see that their boats were safely anchored and would ride the storm through the night, if need be. They saw the fragile little boat break up before their eyes. They saw the girl flung out against the rock and into the sea. They saw her washed ashore.

When they got there, she was still breathing. Very carefully, Sigurd picked her up and carried her as quickly as possible to the doctor's house. Gray-haired, kindly Dr. Bjornsson bent over the broken body. He wiped away a tiny trickle of blood that seeped out from between the bruised, blue lips. Gretchen's eyes opened. "Are you in pain, child?" No, Doctor, not now." The whisper came faintly in pink foam from the girl on the couch. "Doctor," . . . he bent lower to hear the fading words, "Go to Helga, Gunnars wife . . . she fell . . . on the cliff path . . . thank her for . . . all her kindness . . . and Doctor . . . please . . . say goodbye for me." Then the tired eyes closed and the voice was forever stilled.

The storm was dying down, as if ashamed of the havoc it had done. Gunnar, who had ridden the wind at anchor in a sheltered cove, started home. When he reached the landing below the cliff path, and saw the doctor's boat tied up there, he hurried up to the house. He found the doctor leaning over Helga, whom he had placed in bed. He looked around for Gretchen, who was nowhere to be seen. "Get the fire going, man. Hurry! We have a battle on our hands." The doctor spoke without taking his eyes off his patient. Gunnar hurried to obey, asking no questions. Helga stirred and moaned.

In a few words the doctor told Gunnar what had happened. Gunnar stared at him blankly, his mind refusing to believe the words that his ears heard. Gretchen! Little Gretchen, dead! It couldn't be true! Why Gretchen was a part of him! She was always there to welcome him home. She couldn't be gone. He couldn't imagine life without her shy smiles and merry laughter. Slowly he sank into a chair and dropped his aching head in his hands. What a fool he had been not to have known before! He had been in love with Gretchen! In love with the sunshine and the white and pink beauty of her. In love with her as one loves a beautiful melody, a lovely dream. Now . . . she was gone; never to smile at him again.

But Helga was here! Helga, his wife. Helga, whom he loved in a deeper, steadier way. The doctor's gruff voice broke into his thoughts. "There is no time for grieving now, Gunnar. You will have three to mourn instead of one, if you don't help me. Your wife and your unborn child are in grave danger."

Helga's eyes opened as Gunnar bent over the bed. She smiled at him and reached out to touch his arm timidly. He took her hand and held it tightly in both of his, bowing his head over it. Gently she stroked his tumbled hair.

Yes, they tell a tale in Iceland. It is whispered among the women, and spoken among the men. It is the story of Gretchen, the golden girl, from Holland, far across the sea. Gretchen, who was, and is no more. It is the story of Helga, who is, because of Gretchen; and of Gunnar, the man who loved them both. It is the story of a first-born child; a dimpled, laughing girl-child. Her name is Gretchen, too.

We invite you to become a member of The Icelandic Canadian Club. Membership fee \$1.00 per year.

Treas.: Elin Eggertson,
919 Palmerston Ave., Winnipeg.

Policy of The Icelandic Canadian

At a recent meeting of the editorial staff and the business management of The Icelandic Canadian it was decided that the policy of the magazine should be placed in the form of a permanent record. All were agreed as to what the aims and objects of the magazine should be; their conclusions were condensed into five paragraphs and then submitted to The Icelandic Canadian Club, which, at a regular meeting of the club, unanimously approved the policy of the magazine as laid down. It is as follows:

1. To assist in making the things of value in our Icelandic heritage a living part of ourselves as Canadian citizens and thus improve the quality of our contribution to the distinctively Canadian pattern.

2. To provide an instrument by which the children of the ever increasing mixed marriages may be reached, and through which we would seek to instil in them a better knowledge and a keener appreciation of our heritage.

3. To provide a means whereby Canadians of Icelandic extraction, pure or mixed, can become better acquainted with each other and thus strengthen the common bond of the past which in itself will strengthen the common bond of the future in the larger Canadian scene.

4. To stimulate greater effort by making known to our readers the contributions of Icelandic Canadians to the highest and best type of citizenship.

5. To place before the people of Canada and particularly the other ethnic groups, our interpretation of the position we should take as Canadian citizens, and thus contribute to Canadian unity by helping to form a common basis of approach.

University of Manitoba Music Scholarships



THORA ASGEIRSON,

winner of I.O.D.E. coronation scholarship. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jon Asgeirson.



BARBARA LESLIE GOODMAN,

winner of Jon Goodman Chapter, I.O.D.E., scholarship. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Goodman.

Miss Dodo Olafson, daughter of Kristjan and Gerda Olafson, has left for Toronto to take a course in social service.

The Alabaster Box

By LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

The following short story is published with acknowledgements to the McLean Co., Canada.

Bianca counted her blessings before the Lord: a hundred-weight of flour, sugar, salt, tea, ten gills of blackstrap, potatoes in a barrel and a flitch of fat bacon. Enough and more, to last throughout the winter.

So many blessings! And still no mention made of the Manitoba spruce piled roof high in the crippled shed that clung to the sagging shoulder of her tar-papered shanty. Or, best of all, the alabaster box hidden at the feet of the little dust-covered Madonna that through the trying years had smiled upon her devotions.

"Hail, Mary; full of grace! The Lord is with thee—" think of it, potatoes and bacon and wood enough for the winter. . . . "Blessed art thou among women—" no need to trouble about felt boots. . . . Praise God she had gone down the river, folks welcomed a pedlar there—"Holy Mary . . . full of grace—" no, no, so many blessings were confusing the order of her prayers! What was she saying, the Salutation or the Angelus? "And the word was made flesh." . . . Something wrong there. Well, no matter, her heart beat high and true with gratitude.

Her devotions ended, Bianca rose from her stiff old knees, in luxurious slowness, grunting and blowing to her soul's comfort. Ah, it was good, this leisurely lifting of a worn old body! Twenty years with the pack took the spring from the knees and pride from the back but never on any account must an old pedlar groan like a camel before the good customers! Now, however, thanks to the alabaster box, she might wheeze, and sigh, and rise as slowly as she pleased.

"Si, si, Garibaldi, you shall have your suet and a crust," she consoled the grey

cat mewing round her feet. "Patience, patience!"

Later, while she sipped her black tea, rocking peacefully before the frugal fire, and Garibaldi resumed his meditations, Bianca gave way to the luxury of dreams.

All her life she had wanted leisure to dream—as a girl in the olive orchards of her lovely Italy where soft blue skies and warm suns tempted, but there was bread to be got and a mother always ailing. . . . "The getting of bread, Garibaldi, gives little time for dreams." Still, with the coming of Piedro—Piedro, the persuasive lover, bread had mattered less and dreams more than all. Bianca shrugged, baring broken teeth in a rueful smile. "Never doubt it, Garibaldi, lovers make short work of dreams. Poof! Bang! Like the slamming of a shutter on a sunlit window. Si, but not for that we weep, but for the little ones all passing like the roses with never a day to give to their remembering."

Bianca refilled her cup absently, a thousand long forgotten things flooding to confusion her tired mind and heart. What was lost in Italy she had thought to see re-born in America. Si, at sight of those broad yellow Canadian prairies she had dared to dwell again on dreams. . . . Alas, twenty years with the pack through the rains of summer and the snows of winter lay between that day and this.

Twenty years of toilsome tramping and slavish pleasantry to contemptuous folk. "The pedlar? The pedlar. Send her away, we'll have none of her truck!" Smiling, scraping, making pretty speeches to impertinent children, (never a one like her wee, dead Mercedes), for to live one must eat. "Ten

cents for a roll of tape? You old thief, it's worth no more than five! Five eh? I thought so! Well, I'll take it for five!" Day in, day out, the same soul-wearing procedure. Bowing, scraping, the pack edged forward temptingly. "The pedlar again? Oh, slam the door, it's much too cold for argument!"

Bianca ran fond eyes over the old red pack still lying in the corner. Ah, she could smile now, could Bianca. Come sleet tomorrow, thaw, cold wind, or driving snow, it mattered little. Like the ladies in the houses at whose back steps she had been scraping these many years she'd sit and watch the weather in vast, unruffled content.

"Si, Garibaldi, with two hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents in the alabaster box no need to fear the weather."

Just the same she hoped tomorrow would be fine. There was her dear bambino, Mary-bell Jetta, to visit. Mother of Goodness, hold her heart in keeping! How long was it now since that blessed child had entered into her barren life to make it sweet with human love once more? Five years? Six years? "Garibaldi, can you believe, it is eight years! Eight years come springtime! Si, penseroso that you are, Garibaldi, you can understand the joy of getting a friend."

It was very wet that day, eight years ago, when at dusk she had entered the shop of Olse Jetta, the shoemaker, a cold wet day with a hard wind blowing from the sullen waters of the Red River—a black day. Black, too, and very still, and smelling of much leather, the shop of Olse Jetta, the shoemaker. A pit of darkness, save where, by the boot lasts, a tall child, grave-eyed, stood bravely smiling. "Come in madam. Oh, you are wet! You are cold! Quick, you must dry yourself by the fire! This chair, please, madam, it is not so hard to rise from as the other." True, for that other had no seat and but three legs to stand on.

"The shoemaker?"

"He soon will be back. Grandfather needs the air. A little walk in the evening does him good."

"My shoes, bambino."

"Let me see them, lady. Soaked through and through! Oh, how lucky Grandfather is away, now you can dry them while you wait."

That wait! Would she ever forget it? Mary-bell Jetta, smiling her sad, brave smile as she fed the fire stick by stick from a meagre pile in the corner, talking of ships and the sea where they had once lived, and the dear mother who had died on the passage to Canada. Meanwhile the shadows deepened, and the grey eyes of Mary-bell deepened, too, and a strange expression half dread, half pity, gave a look of age to her pale little face.

Bianca knew men. "He is late, the grandfather? Perhaps it is better that I should come again tomorrow?"

"Dear madam, kind madam! It is warm here, and you are tired. Oh, I know, we will make tea!"

"God's pity! Garibaldi, do you hear what I tell you? 'We will make tea,' and the little can empty of all but a few sweepings. The bread-box worse and the wood fast vanishing."

"Listen, now," Bianca struck an attitude, pitching her voice to a masculine growl: "'Grow old with me' . . . fool, fool, who does not! 'the best is yet to be!' . . . Enter Olse Jetta, bowing, smiling, drunk as a lord and with a lordly manner: "A thousand pardons, madam, to keep you waiting. A thousand and more to keep you yet awhile."

Ah, Bianca had not known a Piedro for nothing! That once, the pennies went their proper channel. . . . Olse Jetta slept and Bianca had earned a friend.

The morrow was kind. Cold, it is true, but bright, as only a prairie day can be bright, with a shine and a glitter and a leap of joy about it. But at the shop of Olse Jetta no joyous voice cried greetings; no light step sped to meet her.

"Mary-bell, bambino! What is this? You are sick? You are suffering, my child? Mary-bell Jetta! What has befallen you, jewel of my heart?"

Close, close to the bereaved breast of Bianca, the young girl, slim as a reed, fair as the Holy Madonna, burrowed her tear-stained face.

"That little pain you laughed at in the foot; you remember? It grew and grew and grew—"

Shudders, anguished and terrible, rent the young frame, and entered like a dart in the soul of Bianca. "There is something wrong with the foot? A doctor has seen it? A good doctor from the hospital?"

"Yesterday, Mother Bianca. That is why you find me such a coward. Ah, how shall I bear it! Something is wrong with the ligaments. I can not walk. . . . I shall never walk again."

Never walk? Mary-bell Jetta, at the dawn of womanhood, the mother-heart like a warm bird in her bosom, never to walk again. No, no, God were not in his heaven if feet so eager to serve might run no longer on missions of mercy!

Unbelievably tender, the voice of Bianca; "My foolish bambino, one doctor is not all! There is a way. Si, you will yet teach that school in the country, where the green runs out to meet the big sky. Si, si, and play at tag with a dozen grandchildren. Not walk? To say it is a blasphemy!"

Three hundred Aves Bianca said to the good Saint Anne, for the healing of Mary-bell Jetta, the Protestant. And still the weeks dragged on, with never a sign of improvement. Then Bianca decided to take matters into her own hands. Bundled in her old mackintosh, last year's felts on her tired feet, she trudged through the December snow, to interview that doctor who, she suspected, never told Mary-bell the half of truth.

But Doctor Finn was brusque and honest. "Of course, she may get better, but it requires skilful surgery."

Bianca's shrewd eyes narrowed just a little, and a look Pedro once had feared swept across her weather-beaten countenance: "That skill, it comes not by charity? It takes money?"

"I'm afraid it does, my good woman. Though, of course, in a case like this, we do our best—"

"How much?"

Ah, Bianca could snap that very effectively! "How much, Mr. Doctor? Si, that best, how much?"

"Covering precious time only—time that another patient might be needing, you understand—I should say, not over two hundred dollars."

Bianca sat stunned. It must be very terrible, that foot of Mary-bell Jetta's, to take so much mending. Two hundred dollars! . . . Two hundred dollars! . . . hard earned—heart wrung . . . Two hundred—

"Mother of Sorrows! It will take long? Be very dreadful, that two-hundred-dollar doctoring?"

The question, scarcely more than a whisper, annoyed the celebrated surgeon. The pity of it, he had really made a generous offer. "Not at all. Skill, not time, my good woman, that's the thing. . . . An hour, scarcely more, and your young friend walks again as well as ever."

All the way home the strangeness of it droned in her consciousness like an angry wasp. An hour! One little hour! Not enough time to sell ten shoe strings. Just one hour for two hundred dollars! Five years, six years—hands crooked like claws with the cold, feet like lead, and the back one ache of protest, **that** made two hundred dollars for Bianca the pedlar. Skill, not time . . . Mercy of God! Who gave that skill? . . . But the blessed bambino, Mary-bell Jetta, **might** walk again. . . .

That night Bianca took down the pack from its roost in the shed, a very ingenious pack, made from a round piece of red oilcloth, with brass curtain rings tacked round the top. "Old one," said she, pulling the string sharply,

setting the rings jingling together, "Tomorrow, give good weather, tinsel and red paper and holy ribbon sells, without haggling."

A week later, on the twentieth of December to be exact, Bianca knocked at the door of the Padre Taddeo's little house, just behind the humble church, precariously perched in the crook of the river. The padre was very old, not so sharp of hearing; and his soutane quite as rusty and mud-spattered round the hem as Bianca's shabby garments. They peered at each other, those two, grown old in service, through the gloom of late twilight. The good padre shook his head slowly, as he smiled his recognition.

"Daughter, wasn't it you who prayed to be delivered from the pack? And here you are again, tempting the weak and the foolish!"

"Si, si, Padre Taddeo. But that pack, he cries for the road. Like a lover who cries—to deny is impossible."

"Daughter, there is something else; something real. Bianca Corella, what are you up to now?"

Like a child confessing a fault, Bianca told her story in tumbled, incoherent sentences. Quick tears, and passionate prayers, at first rendering much of it unintelligible and utterly confusing, to the old padre. But at last he understood the whole of it.

"This money, which is your all, you intend for the doctor? I am to keep it, while you go down river to catch a death of rheumatism? I am to pay the great doctor the whole of your savings?"

"Si, si, Padre. So the little Mary-bell wakes on Christmas finding the foot like the Good God made it."

"It is madness. Bianca mio, you are much too old for the pack this weather. You say there is food and fuel till springtime. You said nothing of rent. A roof costs something?"

Bianca shrugged. "Ten dollars the month, since the new shingles. But down river folks welcome a pedlar. . . ."

"Think carefully," the priest counseled. "It is not money alone you are giving but rest and freedom; the much needed peace for the body's healing."

Bianca forebore to answer. He would understand by and by, the old padre; understand and approve.

Up from the depths of the pack came the alabaster box never before out of the keeping of good Saint Anne. Clumsily, with a nervous clatter she laid the precious thing on the stand between them, a mist of happy tears dimming her sharp old eyes. Gnarled, age-withered, unspeakably weary, but with the light of ineffable joy, soft as a lover's caress, on her wrinkled face, she stood there gazing down upon it. Her precious alabaster box of sweet offering! Her gift, per conto.—Si, con amore!

Prudent words, prompted by pity for this waste of needed substance sprang to the padre's lips never to be uttered. Bianca the pedlar renouncing with joy her last fond dream, was lifted high above his pity. Humbled before the glory in her face Padre Taddeo himself saw a great light:

"There came unto Him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment and poured it on His head as He sat at meat . . . and they had indignation saying, to what purpose is this waste—"

"My dear daughter," he said, at last, too wise, now, for other counsel, "what you wish shall be done. Mary-bell Jetta, God willing, wakes with joy on Christmas morning."

Aye, joy ineffable; the joy of Christmas angels! So thought the padre when, the miracle over, Mary-bell smiled into his face, her eyes clear wells of love and happy dreams.

"Bianca? My Bianca? Why is she not here? She must come. Unless it is too cold. She must come, my Mother Bianca, to see me laugh and hear me tell about the little school we shall keep together. . . ."

But down by the old Red River, where a small tar-papered shack crouches before the wind, a little group of women stood gathered. Some whispered. Some wept. Some talked indifferently. The old padre, walking slowly, grey head bent, heard, before he saw them:

"Dead! And not a soul with her. No, just a cat curled against her breast."

"Yes, for several hours. It's heart failure they say."

"What? At the feet of her patron saint? Ah, poor deluded woman!"

"Oh, very old. Eighty, if a day."

"Well, she should have known better than try the roads this weather. What was she, Italian?"

"Heart failure, eh?"

"Yes, through exhaustion."

"Exhaustion? Bianca? Why only last week she sold me Christmas candles as shrewdly as you please!"

Old age! Exhaustion! Heart failure! . . . Ah, no! Padre Taddeo, entering humbly that house of high devotion knew better. The good God had called Bianca from loneliness and toil to that Exceeding Peace awaiting the bearers of Alabaster Boxes spilled for Love's Sake.

Opened Alumnae Scholarship

To establish scholarships in memory of the late Mrs. W. J. Lindal and the late Miss Mary Rowell, the United College Alumnae Association held a tea in the Hudson's Bay dining-room, Sat., Nov. 7th, from 3 to 6 p.m. There will be two separate scholarships and anyone wishing to contribute to either one of them, can do so by writing to Mrs. J. B. Skaptason, 387 Maryland St., Winnipeg, or Miss Vera Patrick, University Women's Club, 54 Westgate, Winnipeg.

Pourers at the alumnae tea were Mrs. B. B. Jonson, Mrs. R. Peturson, Mrs. H. A. Bergman, and Mrs. J. B. Skaptason.

Opened Alumnae Scholarships



MRS. R. F. McWILLIAMS

United College Alumnae Scholarship

An enlightened community, an educated community, is one of our most fundamental needs in the period of reconstruction by which we shall be faced in future days. Civilization, as the pursuit of a common ideal, is dependent on an informed and educated leadership. No greater service can be rendered any community, therefore, than to assure the maximum of educational opportunity for its members. The establishment of a memorial scholarship fund helps to provide that opportunity besides serving as a worthy memorial to one whose principal interest was in education and social progress. Every forward step towards the achievement of the common ideal will thus be illuminated by the torch of learning on which her name will be inscribed by friends to whom her memory is dear—by admirers who recognized and valued her intellectual attainments. It is our sincere desire that the memory of Jórún Lindal be thus perpetuated. It will befit her own attainments, and would have, we believe, received her own stamp of approval.—P.M.P.

If we fiddle while Rome burns we must expect to face the music—David Carey.

Short Story Contest!

Win \$10.00 Cash



Have you ever said: "Shucks, I could write a story just as good as that!" If so—here's your chance to prove it, and make money at the same time. **The Icelandic Canadian Magazine**, to encourage new writers, will award ten dollars in cash to the writer of the best short story submitted not later than February 1st, 1943. Even if you do not win—your story will be considered for publication. You may write on any subject, as long as your story is in the form of fiction, and not more than three thousand words. The editors of **The Icelandic Canadian** will be the judges, and their opinion is to be considered final. Mail or send your entry to Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson, Editor, 407 Devon Court, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

INSURANCE
FIRE
AUTOMOBILE
Lower Rates

McFadyen

Company Limited

362 Main St. Winnipeg, Man.

"30 Years of Insurance Service"

Christmas Greetings

Viking Fisheries

Ltd.

Wholesale Fish Dealers

518 McINTYRE BLOCK
Winnipeg, Man.

Phone 96 306-7

Mrs. S. J. Rovatzos

**Rovatzos Flower
Shop**

Fresh Flowers Daily

253 NOTRE DAME AVE.
(Opp. Grace Church)

Phone 27 989 Res. Phone 36 151

A. S. Bardal

Funeral Service

PHONES: 86 607-86 608

Bardal Block

843 Sherbrook St. Winnipeg

SEASON'S GREETINGS

THE
VIKING PRESS
Limited
PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS

853 Sargent Ave.



Phone 86 537

GREETINGS
OF THE SEASON

**WINNIPEG
RIVER TIMBER
CO. LTD.**

SEVEN SISTERS FALLS,
MANITOBA

Paul Sigurdson,
Manager

Thovaldson & Eggertson**Barristers & Solicitors, etc.**

300 NANTON BUILDING

Winnipeg, Man.

Phone 97 024

Dr. L. A. SIGURDSSON

109 MEDICAL ARTS BLDG.

Office Phone

87 293

Res. Phone

72 409

DR. A. V. JOHNSON**DENTIST**

506 SOMERSET BLDG.

Phone 88 124

Res. Phone 27 702

Dr. G. Glenn Murphy**Osteopathic Physician**

637-9 Somerset Bldg.

Phone 22 185

**For Nervous and Convalescent
Cases****Glendale Sanitarium**

209-211 Mayfair Avenue

Winnipeg, Man.

T. Ruby Couch, R.N. Ph. 44 574.**Bridgman's Hardware
LIMITED****Importers of Fine
English China**

619 Portage Ave., at Furby St.

Phone 37 481

Best Wishes to All Our
Customers and Friends for a
Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year**J. J. SWANSON LTD.*** Rentals * Real Estate *
Insurance * Loans
308 AVENUE BLDG.**USE PERTH'S****Carry and Save
Stores****Saves 15%****DRY CLEANING * DYEING
LAUNDRY**

Phone 37 261

Cleaners * Launderers * Furriers

257 King St.

Phone 25 538

The New Nanking Chop Suey House**Western Canada's Finest Chinese Restaurant****WISHES YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR**Famous for its food
and service.Where smart
people gather

How About A Book For Christmas?

By HELEN SIGURDSON

A book is usually a welcome gift, but if you are to choose wisely, you must know your book as well as the person to whom it will be given. This year's display in the book departments offers selections suitable for every taste.

If you have an American friend interested in learning about Canada or a Canadian friend who would like to learn more about his favorite country, by all means get him **The Unknown Country**, by Bruce Hutchinson. Here is a charming group of essays. Starting with the French Canadians in Quebec, the writer takes us eastward through the Maritimes and westward across the prairie to British Columbia. There are a few pages on Gimli which should be of special interest to Icelanders. The author has the gift of endowing familiar scenes with the charm of far off lands. The illustrations are photographs, very fine indeed, and should prove an added attraction to camera fans.

One of the most unusual of the recent books is **The Fair Woman**, by Hilda Vaughan, wife of Charles Morgan, author of **The Fountain**. This is the story of Owain, the poet who wooed and won Glythin, the spirit of the mountain lake. For the love of him she became mortal and proved an obedient wife, a considerate daughter to his cranky mother, and the mother of his three sons. In the end he ceased to value the thing for which he would have given his life as a young man and so he lost her. This book should appeal to anyone with a taste for the unusual and legendary. For your realists, it offers an interesting study of a fairly successful marriage between two unlike people, though as the story goes he was never able to weld his iron and her gold into one ring. There are very fine descriptions of the mountains and the

Welsh countryside and some exquisite bits of verse.

An altogether different type of novel is **The Seventh Cross**, by Anna Seghers. This is a novel of Germany before the outbreak of the war. There were seven men who escaped from a concentration camp and there were seven plane trees in the prison yard trimmed and with a board for flogging nailed across each like a cross—one for each fugitive. Of the seven who escaped all were recaptured except one. On first reading one feels that the central theme of this book is fear—the fear only a hunted man can know, the fear of the people who although they pitied him dared not involve themselves in his plight. But side by side with the fear runs courage—the desperate courage of the hunted man, and the courage of friendship and loyalty shown by those who helped him to make his escape in the end. Yes I think the central theme of the book is courage or perhaps that courage and fear go hand in hand. Anna Seghers is a German woman and she writes with an understanding of the sufferings of her country under Nazi tyranny.

Turning to a much lighter novel we find **No Surrender**, by Martha Albrand. This is an exciting novel of the more superficial aspects of war and deals with life in occupied Holland. The hero is an official who in order to help his country pretended to be a friend of the Nazi's though it almost cost him the regard of his friends and the love of his wife. It is full of excitement and suspense which is held to the very last page. A good book for an adventure story fan.

All of us are asking the question: What will the world be like after the war? How are we going to go about building a new order. **Economic Peace Aims**, by Oswald Dutch, attempts to

answer these questions. He discusses the economics of a post war world in a practical and lucid way able to be understood by the reader who is not a student of economics, that is if he is willing to dig in and really study. It is hardly the book to pick up for that few minutes of relaxation between the time you have finished the ironing and time to start dinner. Still, if your friend is wide awake and intelligent with an all-absorbing interest in present day problems and a little time to devote to serious study on an all important question, this should be a very happy choice.



FRANK FREDRICKSON

Permission has been obtained from Royal Canadian Air Force headquarters for Frank Fredrickson to coach the Senior Hockey Association this season. Fredrickson, one of Canada's former hockey greats, is chief supervisor of the elementary flying training school at St. Catharines, Ont. He played with Winnipeg Falcons in 1920 when they won the Allan cup and Olympic championship.



HON. JOSEPH THORARINN THORSON,

appointed president of the Exchequer Court. Born Winnipeg, March 15, 1889, son of the late Stephen and the late Sigridur Thorson. Appointed Rhodes scholar for Manitoba, 1910. Practiced law in Winnipeg for many years. Went overseas with 223rd Battalion, April, 1917. Served in B.E.F. attached to 3rd Army H.Q. in France, July, 1917, to January, 1919. Elected to House of Commons for Winnipeg South Centre 1926 and twice for Selkirk constituency, 1935 and 1940.

Excerpts from a letter from Skuli Bjarnason, Los Angeles, Calif.: Every one here is anxious to get the Icelandic Canadian magazine. My brother, Sveinn, passed away in Toronto, Oct. 12. My son, Oddgeir, joined the army April 1, is now stationed in Ireland. Dr. and Mrs. Steinþórsson stayed with us for three days on their trip through here last summer. We enjoyed their visit very much. Mrs. Steinþórsson's father was my teacher in English in Reykjavik during the winter 1909-10. In this school at that time were the late Jon Hjaltalin Gislason and his sister.

The Letter Box

Extracts from letters received by the editors since the publication of the first issue.

I have been much struck by the similarity of outlook disclosed in Mrs. Salverson's editorial and the article "Where Do We Stand", with what I myself had to say about Canadian nationality in a recent speech delivered in Montreal, at the opening of the present Victory Loan campaign. As you may be interested in the parallel I am enclosing a copy of the speech.

Will you be kind enough, on my behalf, to extend to your fellow members of the editorial board of the Icelandic Canadian, my congratulations and best of wishes for this new venture in enriching Canadian citizenship.

Sincerely yours,

W. L. Mackenzie King.

Ottawa, 29th Oct., 1942.

I feel that you have laid hold of a perfectly sound principle—that of building very definitely for the Canadian future while preserving a knowledge of the legacy of the past. Your opening editorial ought to be an inspiration to the members of the Icelandic Canadian Club. . . .

Mrs. Kirkconnell joins me in kindest regards.

Sincerely yours,

Watson Kirkconnell.

"I think you are to be congratulated upon a splendid job. Your excellent editorial touches upon many of those things which writers share in common, and is in itself a challenge to vigorous creative endeavor in these dark days. I do wish you every possible success in your new venture, and I think you will have it. . . .

Sincerely yours,

Eric F. Gaskell,

National Secretary,
Canadian Authors' Ass'n.

"I have probably had a much better opportunity than most of knowing and appreciating Icelandic people and particularly their broadminded viewpoint in regard to the question of citizenship. Without in any way sacrificing the magnificent traditions of their own race, they have made it abundantly clear they are first and foremost Canadians not in any nationalistic sense but rather in the broader sense that implies the hope and belief in Canadian ideals. I am sure I shall read the present issue and subsequent numbers of 'The Icelandic Canadian' with particular interest. . . .

"May I wish you and the fellow members of the editorial staff every success in what I think is a most deserving undertaking.

Sincerely yours,

Ivan Schultz,

Minister of Education.

"I have read over the Journal with a great deal of interest and want to compliment you and your associates on such an excellent achievement. It is a most creditable first number and I wish you success in subsequent numbers.

I want to compliment you particularly on the article "Where Do We Stand?" It is a splendid statement of of the issue and might well be read by people of every race. Will you also give my compliments to the unnamed writer of the poem "Westminster Lights in the Rain." (Nehushta Collins.)

Yours sincerely,

R. F. McWilliams,

Lieutenant-Governor

Province of Manitoba.

"I congratulate you and your associates on the excellence of your concept of this undertaking and the high standard of the first number of the periodical. This periodical is but new evidence of a well-acknowledged fact

that there are no finer and truer Canadians than those of Icelandic origin. May other ethnic groups be inspired by this worthy publication, to play a comparable role as Canadian.

Yours faithfully,

Sidney Smith,

President,

The University of Manitoba.

... "I believe very strongly that the various ethnic groups that have come to Canada should preserve something of the heritage that they have brought with them. They need not become the less Canadian because they do so. I think the best example is that of my own people who maintain their Scottish character, but at the same time I think they have become pretty good Canadian people.

I know and appreciate the Icelandic heritage so well that I am glad you are endeavoring to keep it alive.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

James S. Thomson,

General Manager,

Canadian Broadcasting Corp.

It is a most impressive venture and I was greatly interested both in the introductory article, "Where Do We Stand," and in the article of Prof. Johnson on "Tibullus." The principal of your magazine seems to me most sound and wise. It is bound to have the kind of effect you want, that is, to strengthen unity. . . .

Yours sincerely,

Canadian Broadcasting Corp.

R. S. Lambert,

Education Adviser.

OBITUARY

Captain Sigtryggur Jónasson

An appreciation of the life of this Canadian Pioneer will be published in the next issue.

* * *

Pioneer Days on Big Island—the next instalment was not received in time for this issue.

COMMENTS IN THE WINNIPEG DAILIES

"Canadians of Icelandic descent are justly proud of their cultural background, and have been markedly successful in keeping bright the flame of that heritage. But they have also been markedly successful in their adaptation to the Canadian environment.

There is a paradox here which may prove baffling to those who have not pondered the parable of the talents, and it presents a frontier not lacking in the challenge to pioneers. This challenge has been taken up by a new quarterly magazine, The Icelandic Canadian, which made its initial bow in Winnipeg this week. . . .

This is pioneering work of the utmost value to Canada, a worthy task which we may hope will prove as fruitful as the heroic efforts of an earlier generation. The Tribune bespeaks a long and honored career for "The Icelandic Canadian."

(The Wpg. Tribune, 23-10-42.)

"This is the first edition of a new magazine for Canadians of Icelandic extraction and it is a good one. The Icelanders have made a splendid contribution to Canadian life and it is the objective of this magazine's sponsors to increase that contribution. It holds that it is fallacious to contend that a duty to the past constrains Icelandic Canadians to keep to an Icelandic mold.—Rather, their first duty should be to Canada and only as Canadians will it be possible for them to orient their Norse heritage in the new world of tomorrow."

(Wpg. Free Press, 31-10-42.)

The Icelandic Canadian Club has held two meetings this fall. At the first meeting Truda Bachman entertained with a number of recitations. At the second meeting Lieutenant Terry Arnason gave an interesting and entertaining talk on "A Recruit's Introduction to Army Life."

“Christmas Lights”

When the midnight bells are ringing
Over Iceland's hills,
A thousand Christmas candles light
A thousand window sills.
Candles for the Christ Child,
Born so long ago
In the town of Bethlehem,
In a manger low.
Sacred candles, that will burn,
Shining pure and bright—
Shining for the Little Child
All through the night.

—Nehushta Collins.

(Author of “Westminster Lights in the Rain”)

From Nellie L. McClung

Greetings and congratulations to the “Icelandic Canadian”. Here is an able beginning, every word of which throbs with sincerity, and an able purpose. No people have fitted more easily into Canadian life than the people from Iceland. They brought to us a love of learning, artistic gifts, and a gallant spirit that made light of difficulties. They came to Canada expecting to like us and settled in to our way of life in glad fellowship, yet not forsaking their own.

When I attended normal school in Winnipeg in 1889-90, there was an eighteen-year-old Icelandic student, who knew no English. The course then was five months, and before it was over Bjorg Bjornson spoke to us about the volcanic rock, the absence of trees, the sports, the food, the home life, the form of government in Iceland.

I remember how beautiful she was with her soft brown eyes with gold and green lights in them like the moss in a running stream, her red cheeks and smooth white skin—and her hair in shining braids:—eighteen years old but composed, and adjusted, if she were lonely she gave no sign.

I fully endorse the sentiment expressed in the editorial of Volumn 1, No. 1. It is not enough that we should be proud of our ancestors. What we owe to them now is not worship but work. We are all Canadians now, and part of the free people of the world, with a colossal struggle on our hands.

Lantern Lane, Victoria, B.C.

**T H E
CITY DRAY
Co. Ltd.**

**Extends Greetings of
the Season**

A Complete Cartage Service

Telephone 29 851

112 KING St. WINNIPEG, Man.

**Compliments of the
Season**

**BOOTH FISHERIES
CAN. CO. LTD.**

**804 Trust & Loan Building
Winnipeg, Manitoba**

SEASON'S GREETINGS

J. Werier & Co. Ltd.
Wholesale General Jobbers

We handle general fishing
supplies for fishermen.

IF YOU NEED IT, WE HAVE IT

Phone 57 311

764 Main St. Winnipeg, Man.

Biggar Bros.

Fuel — Cartage

LONG DISTANCE HAULING

425 Gertrude Ave. Phone 42 844

**Compliments of the
Season**

**Canadian Fish
Producers Ltd.**

**409 SCOTT BLDG.
Winnipeg, Man.**

Phone 95 521

GREETINGS

**KEYSTONE
Fisheries Limited**

3rd Floor, 325 Main St.

Winnipeg, Man.

Phone 95 227

**G. F. Jonasson S. M. Bachman
Manager Sec.-Treas.**

Our War Effort

In recognition of a service so nobly and willingly rendered and as a record for the future, we would like to publish photographs with brief sketches of all **men and women** of Icelandic descent in the active forces. That, unfortunately, **is impossible**. We have not the space for the necessary information. For the time being, with a few special exceptions, we intend to confine ourselves to groups of three or more from the same family. We have already received more groups than those appearing in this issue and ask the indulgence of those who must wait.

There are many others of whom we have no information. We request that anyone who has information about three or more members of the same family serving in the armed forces, send the following particulars to Mr. G. Finnbogason, 641 Agnes St., Winnipeg, Man.:

Number and name; rank and unit; place and date of birth; date of embarkation for overseas service; date of return; a photograph.



OS. ALFRED M.
JOHANNESSON

LAC. C. ROBERT
JOHANNESSON

SGT.-PILOT ARTHUR
JOHANNESSON

SONS OF MR. AND MRS. GUDMUNDUR JOHANNESSON, WINNIPEG, MAN.

★

Alfred M. Johannesson—Born Arborg, Man., July 23, 1915. Enlisted March, 1941, in the R.C.N.V.R. Stationed at Halifax, N.S.

C. Robert Johannesson—Born Arborg, Man., Aug. 15, 1911 Enlisted in the R.C.A.F., June, 1942. Stationed at Brandon, Man.

Arthur Johannesson—Born Arborg, Man., May 30, 1918. Enlisted R.C.A.F., September, 1941. Embarked for overseas, September, 1942.

SPECIAL MENTION



LIEUT.-COL. J. HJALMARSON

Major Arnason was born in Winnipeg, Man., June 7, 1910. Son of Rev. and Mrs. J. Arnason, of Lundar, Man. He was lieutenant in the R.C.E. when this unit was mobilized for active service in 1939. He was promoted to Captain in October, 1939, embarked for overseas August, 1940, and was promoted to Major in May, 1941. Major Arnason is now serving in England. Mr. Arnason resides at 676 Agnes St., Winnipeg.



PTE. NORMAN VESTDAL

Lieut.-Col. Hjalmarson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Hjalmarson, of Winnipeg, was born in Winnipeg, Man., July 17, 1912. His military career started long before the war. He was promoted to second-lieutenant in the Second M.M.G. Brigade, Jan. 31, 1933. Promoted to lieutenant, Jan. 15, 1935. Embarked for overseas as captain with the Army Service Corps in 1940. Was promoted to major in 1942. Took part in the Dieppe raid, in August, 1942, and was promoted to lieutenant-colonel shortly afterwards, and is now attached to the headquarters of the Fourth Canadian Armoured Division in England.

His wife, who at present lives in Winnipeg, has enlisted in the C.W.A.C. Prior to that she had taken the V.A.D. nursing course in order to prepare herself for active service.



MAJOR EINAR ARNASON

Norman was selected to represent his unit at an athletic meet held in England, where all the best athletes in the Canadian armed forces competed. He won the standing broad jump and set a record of 9 feet 10½ inches. For this he received a medal, which was presented to him by Mrs. MacNaughton, wife of General MacNaughton. He was born in Winnipeg, March 13, 1919. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. V. Vestdal, formerly of Lundar, Man. He enlisted in the Eighth Field Ambulance, R.C.M.C., July, 1940, and sailed for overseas the same month, where he now serves.



PTE JOHN G. SNIDAL



SGT. M. JAMES SNIDAL

SONS OF DR. AND MRS. J. G. SNIDAL, WINNIPEG



John—Born in Winnipeg, March 17, 1915. Enlisted in the Canadian Dental Corps, July, 1942. Stationed at Fort Garry, Man.

James—Born Winnipeg, Aug. 6, 1918. Enlisted in Canadian Dental Corps, June, 1940. Embarked for overseas, June, 1941. Serving in England.

Daniel—Born in Winnipeg, Jan. 14, 1921. Enlisted Nov., 1939, in the Canadian Dental Corps. Embarked for overseas, June, 1940. Serving in England with the R.C.A.F. Dental Corps.

Robert—Born in Winnipeg, Aug. 31, 1922. Enlisted R.C.A.F, September, 1942. Training at Brandon, Man.



PTE. DANIEL SNIDAL



AC2 ROBERT H. SNIDAL



**PS. B. A. VICTOR
BARDAL**



**LAC. BALDUR
BARDAL**



**PO. FREDERICK
BARDAL**

SONS OF MRS. GUDRUN BARDAL AND THE LATE MR. H. S. BARDAL

★

Victor Bardal—Born in Winnipeg, Feb. 28, 1912. Enlisted R.C.N.V.R., August, 1942.

Baldur Bardal—Born in Winnipeg, June 26, 1915. Enlisted R.C.A.F., April, 1942.

Frederick Bardal—Born in Winnipeg, Dec. 17, 1916. Enlisted R.C.A.F., November, 1941. Received his commission at Regina, Sask., 1942. Is now serving as Instructor of Navigation.



PO. EDWARD EGGERTSON

★

Born in Winnipeg, Aug. 16, 1918. Enlisted R.C.A.F., July, 1941. Embarked for overseas May, 1942. Shot down over Germany, Oct. 1942, and is now a prisoner of war in Germany. He is a son of Mrs. Gudlaug Eggertson and the late Mr. Ingvar Eggertson, formerly of Hecla P.O., Man.



LAC. S. Lloyd Paulson



Flt.-Sgt. Hannibal B. Paulson



Cpl. Byron R. Paulson

★

SONS OF
MR. AND MRS.
PALL V. PAULSON,
WINNIPEG,
MAN.

★

S. Lloyd Paulson—Born Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 6, 1917. Enlisted May 12, 1941, in the R.C.A.F. Embarked for overseas, October, 1941. Is now serving as Radio Technician with the R.A.F. in India.

Hannibal B. Paulson—Born Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 4, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F., September, 1939. Serving as Bombing and Gunnery Instructor, at Mossbank, Saskatchewan.

Byron R. Paulson—Born Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 24, 1920. Enlisted in the Fort Garry Tank Division, September, 1939. Embarked for overseas, September, 1941.

HONG KONG



CAPT. NJALL O. BARDAL

SON OF MR. AND MRS. A. S. BARDAL

★

Born in Winnipeg, November 18, 1904. Joined the Winnipeg Grenadiers in 1935. Was appointed Lieutenant in charge of Machine Gun Division. Volunteered for active service in 1939. Embarked for Bermuda in 1940, was later sent with his regiment to Jamaica. Returned to Winnipeg in September, 1941. Was promoted to Captain in October, 1941. Embarked for Hong Kong, October, 1941. Has been a prisoner of war since Hong Kong fell.

★



PTE. THEODOR JONSSON



PTE. CARL JONSSON

**SONS OF MRS. THORDIS JONSSON AND
THE LATE MR. C. B. JONSSON,
FORMERLY OF BRU P.O., MAN.**

Carl was born April 24, 1924, and Theodor, Dec. 22, 1920. They joined the Winnipeg Grenadiers Sept. 13, 1939. Served 16 months in Bermuda and Jamaica. Returned to Winnipeg in Sept. 1941. Sailed for Hong Kong in October, 1941. Are now prisoners of war.



WEDDINGS



Oct. 16, Norma Kernested, Oak View, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Karl Kernested, and Skuli Jonasson, from Vogar, son of Mr. J. K. Jonasson and the late Mrs. Jonasson.

* * *

Nov. 4, Sigurdur Albert Helgasson, Hnausa, son of Jonatan and Ingibjorg Helgason, and Kristin Tomasson, Big Island, daughter of Kristin and Gunnar Tomasson.

* * *

The wedding of Freyja Eleanor, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. S. Olafsson, Selkirk, Man., to Lieut. Eversleigh Crosby Thomas, of Johannesburg, South Africa, took place Oct. 3, at Zandewater, Transvaal, South Africa.

The bride is a nursing sister in the service of the South African government, in the South African Nursing Mission.

* * *

Oct. 31, Gudrun Helga Julia, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Holm, Lundar, Man., to Johann Straumfjord Sigurdson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdur Ingimundur Sigurdson, of Lundar.

* * *

Oct. 17, Lewis Einarson and Harriet Emmeline Ash, both of Vancouver.

* * *

Sept. 26, Ragna, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gisli Johnson, to Jack St. John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram A. St. John.

* * *

Sept. 22, Dorothy Oliver, daughter of Mrs. Oliver and the late Stefan Oliver, to Gisli Guy Gislason, son of Mrs. Eileen Gislason and the late Jon Hjaltalin Gislason.

* * *

Oct. 15, Edwin Raymond Olson, Camp Morton, Man., and Laura Sigurros Einarson, Riverton, Man.

Oct. 17, Olöf Sigridur, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Sigvaldason, and Geirfinnur Sigurdur Sigurdson, son of Magnea and the late Thorgrimur Sigurdson, both of Arborg.

* * *

Oct. 17, Sigurbjörn Gislason, Hnausa, Man., and Gudrun Skulason, Riverton, Man.

* * *

Oct. 3, in the Selkirk Lutheran church, Violet Augusta Thorvaldson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Einar Thorvaldson, Selkirk, to Colin Albert Glanfield, R.A.F., of Selsdon, Surrey, England.

* * *

Oct. 17, Hertha Wanda Geisler and Laurence Gudmundur Arnason, son of Mrs. C. Clemens and the late Mr. G. Arnason.

* * *

R. W. Kinzie, of Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, and Gwendolyn Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Sigurdson, of Winnipeg.

* * *

Nov. 6, in Selkirk Lutheran church, Elin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley L. Sigurdson, and Helgi Johnson, son of the late David and Mrs. D. Johnson.

* * *

Nov. 14, Emily Johannesson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Helgi Johannesson, of Gimli, and Robert George Cormack.

* * *

Nov. 14, Margaret Palsson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Palsson, to Andrew Douglas Haig Ramsay, R.C.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ramsay.

* * *

Oct. 17, Sylvia Sigurlin, second daughter of Mrs. Frederickson and the late Walter Frederickson, of Baldur, to Luther Maxom, second son of Mrs. Maxom and the late David Bellamy Maxom, of Winnipeg.





EDWIN JOHNSON,

Canadian Press war correspondent, has just completed a visit to Canadian soldiers stationed in Alaska.



AUGUST S. JOHNSON,

Senior Stick of Manitoba Agriculture College. Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnson, of Wapah, Man. President of his class in the third year, Mr. Johnson is a member of the "U" Glee Club, plays football and is track runner.



AUDREY FRIDFINNSON,

daughter of the late William and Mrs. Bertha Fridfinnson. Lady Stick of United College.

Norma Guttormson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. Guttormson, Flin Flon, has passed the University of Manitoba music examinations with honors.

* * *

Nurse Sigridur Jonina Margret Westdal, of Wynyard, has joined the nursing staff of the Winnipeg General Hospital.

* * *

Nurse Johanna Sigridur Nordal, of Arborg, daughter of Valgerdur and Jon Nordal, has joined the staff of the Flin Flon Hospital.

* * *

We would appreciate articles and news letter sent to us for publication from different points, particularly from the various Icelandic clubs in Canada and the United States.

CONGRATULATIONS

The Executive of the Icelandic Canadian are proud to announce that the name of their Editor-in-Chief, Laura Goodman Salverson, will appear in the next issue of "Who's Who in the Western Hemisphere", published in New York. Laura Goodman Salverson's many accomplishments noted in this publication include the writing of verse, radio and stage plays, many short stories, articles for magazines in the United States and England, and the following novels: *The Viking Heart*; *The Dark Weaver*, *Confessions of An Immigrant's Daughter*; *The Dove*; *Black Lace*; *Lord of the Silver Dragon*, *Johan Lind*; *When Sparrows Fall*. She has twice been awarded the Tweedsmuir Medal and once a Paris Gold Medal for Letters. Our Editor has been President of many National and International Women's organizations, has lectured widely throughout Canada and has conducted a number of discussion forums and study groups.

We congratulate Laura Goodman Salverson upon the occasion of this high recognition of her work.

Let's Pull Together

By E. L. Garrett

Long ago when the world was new
And cities were small and people few,
It rained until a mighty flood
Covered the earth with water and mud.
Then up got Noah, an aged man,
And said, "Now I'll do all I can.
The thing to do is build an Ark,
We'd best begin before it's dark."

It rained and rained, and the waters rose.
And Noah said, "In stormy weather
My new Ark's safe—let's get together,
Though it may be quite a squeeze inside!
So now we must forget our pride
Of size and shape and age and breed,
Of appetite and daring deed.
If we don't all come and man the Ark
We shall be drowned before it's dark!

It rained and rained, and the waters rose.
Then he got two of every beast
That walks the earth from West to East—
Camels, leopards, tigers, bears,
Rabbits, parrots, hounds and hares,

Chickens, fishes, birds and bees,
Creatures from mountains, plains and seas.
The Camel grunts, "I'll stay right here
Until I know who's going to steer."

It rained and rained, and the waters rose.
And the Lion standing all alone
Roars, "I must have an Ark my own.
So build me one at once, old man!
I do not fit into your plan!"
The Ostrich meanwhile quietly stood
With head well buried in the mud,
And hoped to keep his feathers dry,
Not seeing that the flood grew high.

It rained and rained, and the waters rose.
The fussy Hen in the corner begs,
"Please wait until I've laid my eggs!"
Noah raps back, "They'll never hatch,
The flood will drown the whole darned batch!"
And the Pig comes waddling up to know,
"What shall we do when the food gets low?
Is there enough for me to eat?
And are they rationing bread and meat?"

It rained and rained, and the waters rose.
Then Noah said, "Co-operate,
My greedy friend, before too late.
There's lots for everybody's need,
But not for everybody's greed,
And lots of room in bow and stern,
So Lions, Donkeys, all can learn
The other fellow's way of life.
There simply isn't time for strife."

It rained and rained, and the waters rose.
Whereat the Beasts with one accord
Decided they should climb aboard
And pull together all one way,
Which worked so well that now today
In every field you see a Cow,
And Birds build nests on every bough,
And Hens have lived, thank God, to lay
Their eggs for you and me, Grade A.